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THE CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING EDITION OF THE WORLD

for the week ending Saturday, March 31, was as follows:

MONDAY.....	100,600
TUESDAY.....	106,500
WEDNESDAY.....	105,640
THURSDAY.....	102,800
FRIDAY.....	106,760
SATURDAY.....	106,880
Average for the Entire Month of March.....	106,291

WOMEN INSPECTORS.

The Central Labor Union showed its magnanimity by giving a hearty endorsement to the efforts of the Workingwomen's Society to secure an amendment to the law providing for six women inspectors of factories.

A bill to this effect is to be submitted to the Legislature, and it should have unanimous approval. There are needs among the army of girls and women employed in factories which only a member of their own sex could discover. A keen-eyed, warm-hearted, intelligent woman's inspection is needed in these places for the safety, the comfort and the moral and physical welfare of the female operatives.

As long as women are compelled to work in factories they are entitled to the utmost protection.

A DANGEROUS DOCTRINE.

Dr. McGLYNN approaches a danger line when he teaches his followers that a starving man has the right to take a loaf of bread by force or stealth, "if necessary."

There is much virtue in an inf. The right of life is paramount to that of property, when it comes to the starving point. But the danger consists in the fact that many men would rather steal or beg than work; and finding themselves without food from either resource, might act upon the reverend Doctor's license in a manner wholly different from what he intended.

Besides, the District-Attorney's office is just now sorely in need of some "vindictive." And if a poor, hungry devil should steal a loaf of bread it might go hard with him.

GHOSTS.

Some of the phenomena of "Spiritualism," so-called, are of a character to challenge the thoughtful consideration of those who, unlike THORAU and most busy and well-balanced men, are not satisfied with "one world at a time."

But the trick-performing, money-grabbing, credit-insulting performances of charlatans in the "medium business" are quite another thing. The alleged "spirit paintings" and the gibberish that purports to come from the shades of great men in the other world are enough to make rational people echo Emerson's tremendous sneer: "These things make us wish for a more effectual suicide!"

Why is it that a proportion of mankind dearly love to be humbugged?

SHADE OF THACKERAY.

There is a blizzard in a punch-bowl at Louisville over the performances of a rich contractor and ward politician in the hitherto exclusive "Pendennis Club."

The obnoxious member's strong points are his money and his "infoimance," but it is charged that he "lacks breeding and cannot read or write."

And this is the "Pendennis Club!" Shades of THACKERAY and of the grandest gentleman in fiction, Col. Newcombe, fancy such an element in a club bearing the name of "Pen!"

The literary and well-bred coterie in Louisville has certainly had hard luck.

The burning of Congressman PHELPS's house at Hackensack will cause a feeling of regret in the minds of many who do not personally know its owner and have never seen the residence. The destruction of a home is always a sad event—there are so many things that can never be replaced. To Mr. PHELPS's home there were attached historic associations, and its picturesque appearance and valuable contents make its destruction a real loss to New Jersey.

When it comes to sporting news THE EVENING WORLD is always a sure winner. Its triumph of last season was repeated on Saturday, when THE EVENING WORLD was on the street with the result of the game between the New Yorks and the Jaspers, and selling in front of the Evening Sun office nine minutes before that boastful laggard made its appearance.

Why should JACOB SHARP object to being tried in a city that he claims to have benefited so greatly and which last fall voted to temper the prosecution of public thieves and bribees with a big dose of the "milk of human kindness?"

The most interesting (From Pack.)

Reporter-Senator, what has been the most interesting scene of your life?

Senator-Senator-The glacial period, when I was in the ice.

Nature indulged in an April fool trick yesterday—sending a rain and hail storm after a morning of sunshine.

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ABOUT TOWN GOSSIP.

Local Agent Craig, of the B. & O., is a favorite with dramatic people.

Charles Howley, of Spalding's, could write a book on what he knows about guns. He is, besides, one of the best shots in the city.

Prof. Fred Laid, of Clarendon Hall, if he were so disposed, could tell a good deal about "spirit" paintings. At one time in his younger days he was famous as a medium.

BUDS FROM JERSEY CITY.

City Marshal Long is preparing for his busiest season—the election.

Senator Edwards is the most boyish-looking of Hudson County's representatives at Trenton.

Clerk Westervelt, of the Board of Education, is one of the most proficient organizers in the city.

Mr. William T. Evans is an art enthusiast and has one of the finest private collections in Jersey City.

Cornelius Zabinski, the well-known banker, is the largest stockholder of the Union Ferry Company of Brooklyn.

Mike O'Donnell, the popular clerk of the Court of Sessions, will abandon court duties for others. He has been appointed Assistant Postmaster.

Peter Henderson, the seedman, converts a large section of the hill into a flower garden in the spring. The grounds about his house are the finest in Jersey City.

HEARD AT THE CITY HALL.

The following bits of conversation were overheard at the City Hall:

"James G. Halne has Bright's disease and cannot live much longer."

"There goes the little fellow who holds the flag and pumps the water."

"The Aldermen are receiving tickets for the early election."

"When a crowd of New York Aldermen arrive in Albany the bartenders have to postpone their night off."

"Whose turn is it to work the growler to-day?" asked one of the City Hall reporters.

"It is my turn," replied a young scribe, and he started on his journey to interview Mayor Hewitt.

"I hear that Police Commissioner John R. Voorhis is to succeed Gen. Newton as Commissioner of Public Works."

"Ex-Senator Daggett says he is out of politics, but wishes it to be understood that he has not reformed."

"If Police Justices were elected there would not be one of the present Justices who would have a chance of holding office."

"They are talking of having a torch-light procession in Harlem because the dog pond has been moved there."

"Dr. Isaac Robinson, of the Board of Assessors, says that swelled head is a disease familiar to politicians who secure a big office."

"Nowadays conventions are only ratification meetings. They meet to ratify nominations made beforehand by the bosses."

"He was an Assemblyman and now he is broke."

"Of course; you see he only served one term. You have to be re-elected to be taken in."

"Don't they 'take you in' the first time?"

"Yes; but the second 'take you in' is different from the first 'take you in.'"

Miss Giddy (at a progressive euchre party)—Just look at me, Mr. Laviar, with this horrid face, cap for a booty prize. I know I look like a fright, but at least I'm very becoming. Just smile your style of beauty.

Senator Reagan has held public office for fifty years, his first appointment being to the position of surveyor of public lands in Texas, along towards the end of the thirties.

One of the old-timers in political life is Senator John G. Harris, who was Tennessee's war Governor. He was first elected to the House of Representatives in 1849. He has been in the Senate continuously since 1877.

A Kimball (Dak.) Justice of the Peace has made the announcement that during last year he will charge no fee for marrying couples who will admit that the match was brought about by the lady's exerting her leap-year prerogative.

One of the most successful of orchid growers is a young New Jersey woman, who, finding herself in straitened circumstances a few years ago, began floriculture in a small way on a little piece of pine land. Now she has taken her younger sisters into partnership and is doing a big business.

Prof. David Swing, the celebrated Chicago orator, is a diligent student. His dress before 6 o'clock each morning and rarely returns home at night. His hard work is done in the forenoon. The Professor is fond of clocks, and his collection is second only to that of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia.

Capt. Ike Schultz, an old-time volunteer fireman, who is now dying in Louisville, was at one time regarded as one of the most perfectly formed men in the country. He was also considered the fleetest runner in the United States, and could beat any man in a 100-yard dash with ease. During his career he has run many races and was defeated but once, and that was in New Orleans.

A two-story wooden building in Savannah that was erected by the members of Solomon's Lodge in 1799, and was used by the Masonic fraternity until 1868, is now being torn down to make room for a handsome structure. Many a noted Georgian has been initiated into Masonry within its walls, and it was there, in 1850, that Gen. Lopez, the Cuban patriot, who was soon after garrotted in Havana, was made a Mason.

Put Yourself in His Place. (From Harper's Bazar.)

Envious young man (speaking of favored rival)—Yes, George is clever and handsome, but he is so abominably conceited.

Sharp young lady—Cut, Mr. Dumley, if you were handsome and clever would you not be conceited? (A few moments' education, followed by total collapse of Dumley.)

We Are Always in Front.

THE EVENING WORLD, faithful to its promise to serve the public with the news of the day in advance of all contemporaries, scored another triumph yesterday. A full and able report of the first baseball game of the season at the Polo Grounds appeared in a baseball extra, which was for sale on the doorstep of the alleged live afternoons before the game.

THE EVENING WORLD can be relied upon to give the people the news first.

Why should JACOB SHARP object to being tried in a city that he claims to have benefited so greatly and which last fall voted to temper the prosecution of public thieves and bribees with a big dose of the "milk of human kindness?"

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Reporter-Senator, what has been the most interesting scene of your life?

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A BEAUTIFUL VICTIM;

OR,
New York in the Seventies.

From the Detective Diary of

Supt. William Murray,

of the Metropolitan Police.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.]

INSPECTOR MURRAY

was attending to police

business connected

with his district on

the morning of Oct. 1 of

that eventful year

when Capt. Blake, of

the Staten Island

police, was announced.

He was admitted and

when seated he laid

before the New York Inspector

an anonymous letter he had received. He

gave a graphic story of finding the

mutilated body of a female in a barrel

which was sunk in Silver Lake, but no

where there was a mark of identity. The

anonymous letter merely said:

"The body found in the barrel is that of

Sarah Victoria Connors, who died under

peculiar circumstances."

Inspector Murray examined the letter

critically and could not recognize the hand-

writing, but became convinced that the in-

formation had been vouchsafed in good

faith and was not the work of the "historic

crank who invariably appears, immediately

after the commission of a great crime, in the

garb of a detective. The records of the

Bureau of Vital Statistics were searched and

this apparently harmless certificate was the

result:

Sarah Victoria Connors, twenty-eight years

and three months old, dressmaker by occupation, born

in New York, residence third floor of No. 37 East

Twenty-sixth street, died June 28, 1878. Last

seen alive June 27, 1878. Had been in poor health

some time. Cause of death, consumption.

C. M. BAKER, at East Tenth street.

On the back of the certificate appeared an

entry showing that the girl had been buried

in Cypress Hills Cemetery on June 29, by D. H.

Thorn, undertaker, of 215 Fifth street.

"Well, Captain," remarked Inspector

Murray, as he laid the certificate on his desk,

"there certainly is nothing on the face of

that record to indicate any irregularity."

"No," was the response of the Captain

from Staten Island. "I am as much at sea as

before, and I am very following up clue

after clue only to find the mystery of Silver

Lake still more impenetrable."

"Leave this letter with me," said Inspector

Murray, as the interview closed, "and rest

assured if the Staten Island crime has a

link in its chain of evidence in this city we

will find it."

HER SCANTILY FURNISHED APARTMENT GAVE

EVIDENCE OF RETIREMENT.

The Inspector was haunted by this anonymous

letter, and, though a silent messenger,

it seemed to have a thousand tongues, whisper-

ing into his ear as he walked through the

streets and hissing at him in his hours of

slumber. He determined to investigate the

matter at all events, and on the following

morning the Inspector was merged into the

Hawthorne—a merciless sleuth-hound in the

pursuit of a criminal and the unravelling of

a great mystery. It was impossible that

Vicky Connors's body could be in Cypress

Hills Cemetery and cut up and sunk in a bar-

rel at the bottom of Silver Lake at the same

time; and this was the great puzzle. Capt.

Blake felt convinced that it bore no relation

to the Staten Island crime, and there his in-

terest ceased, as he turned his attention to

other channels and other clues.

The New York Inspector, however, was

familiar with the death certificate and burial

transit routine, and knew how easy a thing

it was to destroy a body after all the legal

formula was completed, should that ex-

tremitly be decided upon to hide the evidence

of crime. Who was Vicky Connors?—who

were her parents?—what was her mode of

life?—and when did consumption set in which

Connors was engaged, and after a long and

bitter struggle he was thrown into bank-

ruptcy. This was followed almost immedi-

ately by the news of a great battle in which

both of the brothers were slain.

MISFORTUNE AND DEATH.

Mr. and Mrs. Connors and their four

children left Philadelphia and took up their

residence in Brooklyn. Here business re-

verses followed and the family were reduced

to the verge of starvation. Then the hus-

band and father was attacked by hasty con-

sumption and died. Mrs. Connors sought a

home among the Shakers at Lebanon, but

left in disgust in two months and made

Albany her home. She placed the three

eldest children, including Vicky, in the

State Orphan Asylum and came to this city

with her babe, and took simple quarters in

East Twenty-sixth street. But fate was re-

lent in its persecutions, and Mrs. Connors

was stricken ill and was unable longer to

play her part in the support of her child.

Then she took Vicky from the asylum and

made her a helpmeet in keeping up their

little home.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

LAURA'S FOLLY.

As I am a reader of THE EVENING WORLD, I read

some stories which boys and girls wrote, so I try

myself at writing a story, hoping you will publish

it in your paper. I am thirteen years old, and I

live at 61 Clarkson street.

In a little cottage by the roadside sits an

old man and his two daughters. Laura, the

younger, sits by the fire reading a book,

while Jennie, the elder, darns some stock-

ings for her father. Further down the road is

HEARTY APPROVAL BY ALL.

KNOWLEDGE BROUGHT A STEP NEARER TO

THOSE NOW SHUT OUT.

Gratification Over the Fact That the As-

sembly Has Ordered the Free Lecture Bill to be

Read at a Third Reading—Young Work-

ingmen Who Are Fond of Scientific

Studies, But Are Unable to Pursue Them.

The news from Albany in regard to THE

EVENING WORLD Free Lecture bill is a

source of gratification to all in-

terested in the subject of public edu-

cation. As is shown by the interviews

procured by THE EVENING WORLD reporters,

there are many intelligent young work-

ingmen who have a strong desire to study sci-

entific subjects, and who are unable to do so

because of the want of facilities at present.

The